WAYS OF DESTOYING STUMPS

Stick of Dynamite or Puller Will Do Work Quickly and Cleanly—Burning Also Good.

Is there any way to kill stumps and roots of yellow locust, after the trees are cut down, to keep them from suckering all over the land. They vary in size from six to eighteen inches in diameter. I thought of boring holes in them and filling same with poison and corking them up again. Will this prove satisfactory, or is there any better way?

Answer—Best to destroy the stump while you are about it. A stick of dynamite or a stump puller will do this work most quickly and cleanly. If you wish a milder treatment, saltpeter has been recommended. One subscriber who practices this method gives the following directions: "In the fall, say November, bore an inch hole down into the center of the stump 14 or 16 inches deep. Put a couple of ounces of saltpeter into this hole, fill with water, and plug up tight. In the spring take out the plug, pour into the hole about half a gill of kerosene oil, and light it. The stump will burn away slowly, without blazing, to the ends of the roots, leaving nothing but ashes."

Hair on Swine.

Abundant hair on swine, lively and somewhat fine and soft, growing out of a pliable skin, which is neither thick nor papery, and free from mangy conditions, tells the story of robust health, vigor, thrift and active circulation. The ideal hog should not be sleepy and sluggish, nor, on the other hand, restless and uneasy. Free action and a bright, sprightly manner are signs of good digestion and good health, if he is a comfortable, good-natured, friendly creature, wide awake, disposed to visit with his owner, instead of running away from him, and has the other points of excellence mentioned, he can scarcely fail to be a joy to his possessor, and approximate, in the eyes of many, a thing of beauty.

Green Forage Crops.

I have supplemented green forage crops very satisfactorily with the following: Distillery grains, 500; wheat bran or malt sprouts, 200; linseed meal or cottonseed meal, 100.

This mixture is fed, varying from 2 to 10 pounds a cow a day in addition to silage, corn fodder, alfalfa hay and a little beet pulp during winter, and some silage to help out the forage crops during bad weather and dry seasons, says a writer in an exchange. Dairymen should grow their major feeds.

Spraying Bushes.

Currant bushes should be sprayed with lime and sulphur if the San Jose scale gets a foothold. Use hellebore for the currant worms and bordeaux mixture as a fungicide. Use considerable basic slag and wood ashes on the bushes each year. The amounts will vary, and can be changed as the bushes show that they need it.

Fortunately, a girl's graduating essay doesn't have to mean anything to make her family proud of it.

The June bride is in our midst.

AN EVEN GAME

BY JOANNA SINGLE

Mary, like the other flowers, was out in the early morning exploring the greenness of the grounds of her friend's house. She had come the evening before and was new to the surroundings. At a turn in a winding path she met a fair-headed young man in white flannels, who could not remove his hat because he wore none, but who bowed charmingly. She answered in kind, looking at him gravely.

"I know you are Miss Mary Sumner," he said.

"And I know you are Frederick Denton!" She held out a pretty hand, which he took while he murmured how glad he was, but she interrupted:

"But you aren't glad, you know! You expect to be bored beyond measure—and you didn't want to come because you knew I was to be here, but you couldn't refuse your sister's party! Am I not right?"

Her charming dark face was flushed and sparkling, and she seemed to speak in a hurried, soft breath. He all but stared.

"What makes you say that? Won't you tell me?"

"Play fair!" she begged. "You know perfectly well what our families are up to—don't you?' It was his turn to flush, but he laughed.

"I wish they had minded their business, but you are right. Of course we are expected dutifully to—fall in love. Of course I don't have to! It's all over—the first glance did it. Now if you could—"

She shook her head.

"Don't be polite," she laughed, her brown eyes mocking him. "It's horrid to be planned for. Let's make them suffer. We both have spirit enough not to be captured by the machinations of my mother and your sister. I'm glad you're—really so—nice. You might not have been—charming. You've been talked into my ears until I nearly hated you—and I knew you must have felt the same about me."

"I never doubted that you were all they said," he admitted, "only as you say—let's make them uncomfortable. But let's be good friends in secret. Will you?"

She nodded, and they sat down upon a rustic seat to talk it over gaily, while birds sang and the fulness of late May bloomed about them.

"Let's be stiff and distant, and almost rude and indifferent before the others."

"And get up early every morning like this—and talk it over. Will you?" He held out a brown hand and she laid a white, slim one in its clasp a moment.

He gave her hand another little clasp and let it go. She rose and prepared to go. He noticed how tall and graceful, how very lovely and dignified was her bearing. She was all they had said of her.

"Remember," she reminded, "that we have not met. We must not be seen together—you might come in a little late to breakfast. I'll be stiff."

"And I'll be cool enough to blight every rose on the place!" He watched her go away, and almost wished that Alice Shaw had not made love a thing far from him, and left a raw wound hard to heal.

When Denton appeared where the others were all seated at the informal breakfast, Mrs. Rawson introduced him to Mary—he knew all the others—and she looked at him an instant, gave a polite, distant little bow, and went on with her talking to Mamie Rosseter.

Denton, on his part, had been formally courteous. Neither had said one friendly word, though their families had for ten years been most intimate.

The hostess was astonished beyond measure, but too clever to show a sign. But what did they mean? She watched them all day when they were within range. Neither went near the other voluntarily, and if any chance brought them together, they passed a few most formal remarks. She tried seating them next each other at dinner—each talked to the neighbor on the other side. This went on for nearly a week, and the good lady was in despair. Finally she spoke to her brother about it.

"I don't know what you mean, Mattie. I'm never discourteous to a lady. Do you want me to gush? What, in short, do you want?"

She was silenced, and made haste to retreat, inwardly discomfited.

"I didn't mean you were rude, only I depended on you to help amuse her—she's the only stranger. Of course you're never rude—I just thought as her family and ours are so intimate, we ought to be unusually nice to her!"

"Well, I think you're mistaken—she seems vastly amused—always in the thick of things. By the way, where does Molly Fairly keep herself mornings? Hasn't she grown stunning? She was an ugly enough little girl—I like her quiet manner, don't you?"

Mrs. Rawson deftly got away from the subject. Could Fred take a fancy to Molly? She was dangerously attractive and poor, but had been asked because of the hostess' obligations to the girl's mother. Later in the day, Mrs. Dawson wrote Mrs. Sumner, among other things, the following plaint:

"—My dear, they simply don't see each other! Have we managed to overdo things? Mary never looked more utterly charming, but she's icy, and I could shake Fred—he doesn't make the first effort to be more than vaguely polite. I've thought I caught one or two knowing looks pass between them, but I must have imagined it. I ought to tell you that Mary is flirting in a refined but constant way with Percy Kaylor—I wish I hadn't asked him. And Fred does nothing but moon and watch the mail bag. He gets a daily letter addressed in a woman's hand from Kenosha, some western place. What shall I do? And—I don't want to tell you this, but it's my duty—the other night when Edith was in Mary's room and they were chatting and hair-brushing, Edith saw that Mary had a slender chain around her neck with a solitaire ring hanging from it. She seemed unaware that Edith had seen it. Of course Edith told me—she's a dear child—and I bade her say nothing to anyone else. Supposing you come on for a few days? I told Mary I should ask you.

Mrs. Sumner came on with exceeding dispatch. She dared not question her daughter, but could discover no chain, no ring, and no change in the girl, save that, if anything, she was prettier, sweeter, more dutiful. She had even taken to rising early for the walks her mother had so long wished her to take, and came to breakfast glowing and happy.

Meantime, in the morning's dewy freshnes, Mary and Frederick Denton were having beautiful meetings. He told her how he had a man friend out west send him a letter addressed by a stenographer on lady-like envelopes filled with circulars. She gleefully told him about the $5 fake diamond, and how Edith's eyes had bulged while she, Mary, brushed her hair and looked innocent. They walked into the country, they went on the river in a little canoe, they read magazines, and always they escaped being caught together, and approached breakfast from different directions, Frederick usually from his room as if he had just risen.

But a time came when, without either knowing why, a sort of restraint fell upon them. The young man redoubled his efforts to be interesting, wondering meanwhile if she were not tiring of his company. One morning she was late, another, too tired to walk, a little languid and silent. A few happy mornings would ensue, and then the constraint again. He thought of asking if he were demanding too much of her, but feared she would think he were tired of it himself. It became uncomfortable, and both were less frank. But, in public, they were still just on the polite side of being disagreeable to each other. Mary's mother casually asked her why she disliked Fred Denton. The girl looked at her, wide-eyed.

"Whatever put that into your dear head? He seems very nice, I'm sure." And she put another pin into her soft brown hair and went downstairs.

Coming down to the porch a little later her mother found her in a gale of merriment over something Percy Kaylor was saying. And, with a queer look in his eyes, Frederick Denton watched her. What did the look mean? And Mary's gayety seemed somehow not quite spontaneous.

A few mornings later Mary did not go into the garden at all, and said at breakfast that she had a headache. She was pale. All day Frederick watched for her, but had only a word alone.

"I'm sorry you were not well," he said.

"It was nothing—it soon passed," she answered.

"I missed you," he said, but she was already moving away from him.

He went angrily away by himself, and with his pipe in his mouth he lay flat on the grass in a distant spot and discovered what ailed him. Of course he had loved her from the first moment, and had been a fool, and had lost her! He should have openly wooed her from the first second—of course it was Kaylor! Men like that always fascinate a girl just out of school! He hated himself vigorously. Then he hoped; she would come out next morning, and he would tell her. But she did not come, and he heard that she and her mother were to go home the afternoon of the day to come. He could not wait so impatient was he to get a word with her, but she went upstairs to pack after breakfast, and stayed until luncheon. All day was a disappointment—in the afternoon she walked with Kaylor.

Frederick was up at dawn the next day, and out with a last hope. Surely she would come this last time! He waited in the usual place, but she did nbt appear. It seemed impossible. He searched his memory for any word or look that might have offended her. And, looking vaguely about, he saw at some distance beneath the trees of a little wood, a gleam of blue dress. In an instant he was almost running towards it. It must be she—it was! But she was walking swiftly away from him. He called to her, and she stopped, until he came and found her leaning against a tree, holding her hand to her heart and panting for breath. He was stern, and angry because of the hurt in his heart.

"I don't blame you for hating me," he gravely said, "but why hurt me more than you must? You know I love you—Mary. Why can't you at least be kind—as you were until a little while ago? Does it amuse you to—hurt?" Then he saw that tears were running down her cheeks, and that she held out both hands to him.

After a long time he held her off the better to see her.

"I—couldn't come any more—I couldn't bear it after I—found that I did—care—and thought you still wanted Alice Shaw! I couldn't trust myself not to let you see—how I felt!"

He stopped her in the most effective way in the world—it is impossible to explain during a kiss, which also does away with oceans of explaining!

CRUST UNDER MULCH

Does Not Form Upon Land That is Summer Fallowed.

This Hard Layer Can Be Rendered Partially Harmless by Right Kind of Plowing and Soil Treatment.

Farmers in dry regions have become familiar with the fact that a crust often forms beneath the soil mulch. It is very difficult to prevent this formation if the dry period lasts for any considerable time. It also causes a great deal of trouble in that it does not permit the growth of plants. The sub-soil becomes so hard that it is almost impossible for the roots to penetrate it. This mulch does not form upon land that is summer fallowed but upon that which is growing a crop. The crust begins to form an inch underneath the loose surface and becomes thicker each succeeding day. If there is no crop upon the land this hard layer can be easily removed but it is impossible to break up the crust without destroying the crop.

However, this hard layer can be rendered partially harmless by the right kind of plowing and soil treatment, says the Denver Field and Farm. Its formation depends upon two factors—the drouth above and the moisture conditions below. The moisture in dry soils falls upon the surface and is carried to the lower strata by gravity and by capillary attraction. Upon very dry soils this moisture does not go to any considerable depth because there is not a sufficient quantity to thoroughly saturate all of the particles. For this reason we oftentimes find a dry layer beneath the moist stratum. By keping a dust mulch on the surface we are able to prevent the rapid evaporation of this moisture.

Some people believe that after the moisture has gone down to a considerable depth it is with difficulty that the plants obtain the use of it. This soil moisture does not rise to the surface at a very rapid rate and if the best results are obtained we must plant crops that go down after the moisture or handle the soil in such a way that the moisture is brought to the surface. Good results will be obtained by plowing deeply, not only six or seven inches, but eight or nine, or ten or twelve inches and only the other day we saw a man who was cutting eleven inches and it was indeed a charming sight to see. If we plow six or seven inches deep and then keep a three inch mulch over the surface and then if a two inch crust forms but little space left in which the roots could develop.

Land handled in this way can not produce a profitable crop. It is sure to dry out before the season is over. On the other hand, if we plow from ten to twelve inches deep we will have at least six inches of the soil left for the crop before we come to the hard layer below. Rolling the soil increases the conductivity but reduces the moisture holding capacity of the land and promotes the formation of a crust in heavy clay or gumbo soils. However, these heavy compact soils dry out slowly and it sometimes requires five or six months to dry out six or seven inches. Therefore, if we have plowed ten or twelve inches deep the roots can obtain sufficient moisture from the lower part of the plowed land.

The Stark Apple.

Among the apples that are doing well Stark is one of the most satisfactory thus far. Just where Stark originated cannot be said with certainty. We have not been able to trace it beyond Delaware county, Ohio.

The tree is a vigorous grower, with deep green leaves of good substance; a reliable bearer of fruit above medium to large size, and though not as highly colored as Rome Beauty and some other varieties, the quality is rather in advance, and it keeps well.

A buyer in the open market who does not understand much about apples would be apt to take Ben Davis in preference, on account of its brighter red, but Stark is superior in quality.

Best Table Fowl.

The best table fowl is one that has the heaviest weight of meat on those portions of the body which are favorite cuts. The breast and thighs must be heavy in a good table fowl in proportion to the remainder of the body. In order to have thick breast meat and big thighs, these muscles must be used by the fowl. In other words, the flyer and scratcher will prove to be the best table fowl, for their lively habits give the muscles of the legs and breast work that renders them firm and fine, instead of leaving them flabby and full of loose tissue in the shape of fat.

The Wheel Hoe.

No grower should attempt to produce vegetables without a hand wheel-hoe. The single wheel-hoes are adapted to hilly and rough lands, while more work can be accomplished on level smooth land with the double wheel-hoes. It would also pay a great many home vegetable gardeners and farmers to buy seed drills. The price of drills varies from $4 to $12.

Sweet Peas.

Sweet peas do best when sown very early. It is best to plant thickly and thin out the seedlings. The soil you have is good enough as a basis. Enrich it and it will do better.

Treating the Boys Alike

"Sunrisers," as the title for a club, was somewhat misleading, for the members were not enthusiasts who rose with the sun but men who sought their homes and bed about the time the dawn was tinged with red. The meeting room was the "never-closed" restaurant where they sat over an indeterminate meal that might have been a dinner had it not come so late, or a breakfast had it not come just before bed time.

Good fellows all, they were, and Roy Cammack, who founded the club, was proud of the little group. Some of them were men from the telegraph office across the square, two of them were from the all night cigar store on the corner, and each man had a legitimate excuse for not going home until morning.

Roy himself had charge of the mailing room of one of the big newspapers up the street, and he was glad enough, after the hustle of the night, to drop in at Meeghan's for hot coffee and cakes. Meeghan, a burly, good natured Irishman, was quick to perceive the value of the trade, and he reserved a table for the Sunrisers in the rear of the room where they could linger over the coffee cup and exchange the gossip of their little world. Often he would stop at the table and chat with the boys, and they noted with concern that the work seemed to be telling upon him. If Meeghan should be taken ill there was no telling what might happen to the restaurant and the Sunrisers united in urging him to take a rest.

"You work night and day," reminded Cammack. "By your own admission, you take the night trick, and then you come back for the noon rush. You don't get enough sleep, man."

"I never did need much sleep," was the confident reply, but there came the day when Meeghan's red face was not wreathed in smiles of greeting, and the Sunrisers exchanged ominous glances. The next night Meeghan was not there and Tim Doyle, the night cashier, declared that Meeghan was flat upon his back.

Cammack obtained Meeghan's address, and, as president of the Sunrisers, made an official call; then in an unofficial capacity he repeated the visit and there was a nightly report as to the condition of Meeghan.

"He'll never be able to take the night trick again," declared Roy, "and of all things his daughter insists that she will take his place."

The next night Norah Meeghan was on hand to welcome them, and the Sunrisers noted with relief that details were better looked after than even Meeghan looked after them. The glasses were cleanly polished, and the table ware fairly glistened from whiting or brickdust. Better still, Norah's smile was even more winning than her father's, and though she clearly showed that she felt the strain of the long night, there was not an unmarried Sunriser who did not mentally vow that he would win her if he could. But the days passed, and Norah was as far from being won as ever. Meeghan's first warning to his successor had been "Treat all the byes alike, Norah darlin', thin there can't be thim as kicks; for the kicks they don't come back to the place.

So it might have gone to the end of the chapter had it not moved some of the young men from a college town to run over to the city. With the exuberance of youth, they regarded the city that night as their own, and the college yell as a palliation of all offenses. They wandered through the slums, voicing their unwillingness to go home before morning, and at last they entered the business district and descended upon Meeghan's.

Norah took to the kitchen for refuge after the first onslaught, but the boys would not have it so. They sat, pounding on the tables as they demanded that their fair hostess receive them with proper courtesy. Tim had just signaled one of the waiters to slip out for a policeman and send for the reserves, when Norah timidly entered the dining room from the kitchen, in the hope that, having brought her forth from her retreat, they might be induced to leave the place.

Instead they made a rush for the frightened girl, loudly demanding a kiss for each and though the waiters sought to interfere—and the night waiters at Meeghan's were not selected without an eye to their pugilistic possibilities—there was no organization. The half dozen men grappled with as many students, but there was still a clamoring throng about the girl.

Then suddenly something happened. Back in the college a few days later there was a diversity of opinion as to the order of business, but it was the unanimous opinion that somewhere about the premises of Meeghan's a heavy-weight champion had been concealed, for he descended upon the crowd and pushed them about as if they were so many of the heavy packages of papers that he had been handling all night. Half a dozen of the Sunrisers were on the sidewalk as a reception committee to speed the erring students on their way. Presently quiet reigned in Meeghan's, and Norah was sobbing out her hysteria on Cammack's broad shoulder.

The others looked on enviously, and quietly went to their seats. Roy had won and the others wished him joy for they were good fellows all.

"I tried to treat them all alike," Norah explained to Meeghan when he arrived at the restaurant to relieve her at 8 a. m. "I really did try, dad, but—but Roy isn't like the others."